

*The Historie of*

*Prin.* Faith, tell me now in earnest, how came Falstalffs sword so hackt?

*Peto.* Why, hee hackt it with his dagger, and said he would sweare truth out of England, but hee would make you beleue it was done in fight, and perswaded vs to do thelike.

*Cur.* Yes, and to tickle our noses with speare-grasse, to make them bleede, and then to beslobber our garments with it, and sweare it was the bloud of true men. I did that I did not this seuen yeere before, I blusht to heare his monstrous deuises.

*Prin.* O villaine, thou stolest a cup of sacke eightene yeeres ago, and wert away with the maner, & ever since thou hast blusht extempore, thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou ranst away: what instinct hadst thou for it?

*Bar.* My Lord, do you see these meteors? do you behold these exhalations?

*Prince* I do.

*Bar.* What thinke you they portend?

*Prin.* Hot liuers, and cold purses.

*Bar.* Choler, my Lord, if rightly taken.

*Enter Falstalffe.*

*Prin.* No, if rightly taken, halter. Here comes leane Iacke, here comes bare-bone: how now my sweete creature of bumbast, how long is't ago, Iacke, since thou saw'st thine owne knee?

*Fal.* My owne knee? when I was about thy yeeres (Hal) I was not an Eagles talent in the waste: I could haue crept into any Aldermans thumbe ring: a plague of sighing and grieve, it blowes a man vp like a bladder. Ther's villanous newes abroad, heere was sir Iohn Brai y from your father: you must to the court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the North, Percy, & he of Wales, that gave Amamon the bastinado, & made Lucifer cuckold, and swore the diuell his true liegeman vpon the crosse of a Welch hooke: what a plague call you him?

*Poines* O, Glendower.

*Fal.* Owen, Owen, the same, and his sonne in law Mortimer, and olde Northumberland, and the frightie Scot of Scottes, Dowglas, that runnes a horse-backe vp a hill perpendicular.

*Prin.* He that rides at high speede, and with a pistoll kills a sparrow flying,

*Henry the fourth.*

*Fals:* You haue hit it.

*Prince* So did he neuer the sparrow.

*Fals:* Well, that rascall hath good mettall in him runne.

*Prince* Why what a rascall art thou then, to prae running?

*Fals:* A horsebacke (ye cuckoe) but afoote he was afoote.

*Prince* Yes Iacke, vpon instinct.

*Fals:* I grant ye, vpon instinct: well, he is there Mordacke, and a thousand blew caps more. Woe away to night, thy fathers beard is turnd white with you may buy land now as cheape as stinking mack.

*Prince* Then tis like, if there come a hote lunc, buffering hold, we shal buy maidenheads as they buy by the hundreds.

*Fals:* By the masse lad, thou saist true, it is like w good trading that way: but tell me Hal, art not thou feard? thou being heire apparant, could the world p three such enemies againe, as that fiend Dowglas, that and that diuell Glendower? art not thou horribly a not thy blood thrill at it?

*Prince* Not a whit yfaith, I lacke some of thy inst.

*Fals:* VVell, thou wilt be horribly chidde to m thou comest to thy father: if thou doe loue me, p swer.

*Prince* Doe thou stand for my father, and examine the particulars of my life.

*Fals:* Shall I? content: this chaire shall be my scepter my scepter, and this cushion my crowne.

*Prince* Thy state is taken for a ioynd stoole, thy scepter for a leaden dagger, and thy pretious rich crown full balde crowne.

*Fals:* VVell, and the fire of grace be not quite now shalt thou be mooued. Give mee a cuppe of fa mine eyes looke redde, that it may be thought I for I must speake in passion, and I will doe it, in K vaine.